

# Oxford Democrat.

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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

ORIGINAL.

MEETING OF THE LOST SON WITH

HIS MOTHER.

They are winding up the pathway,

They climb the rough hill-side;

And the pale mother scans the group

Closely following the guide.

They enter now the lowly house;

She gazes, eager, on

Each stranger face, then clasps him—

"This is my boy—my son!"

Awful they stand in silence,

In joy too deep for words;

Then, as they sit, his hand in hers,

Deep, bursting sighs are heard:

"Oh, sleepless nights, and anxious days—

How many weary ones—

I've wept, and prayed, and sought for you,

My boy—my long-lost son!

"O, dreadful was the agony

That burnt my blood and brain,

When you were lost—and hundreds sought—

But sought for you in vain.

I feared my darling's precious flesh,

Torn by that savage one,

Would leave the heart; but you are safe,

My own—my darling son!

"But when the search was past, and all

Despaired to see you more,

Still in my heart fond hope would live

That this might not be o'er.

And care for you has made me old,

Before age should have come;

But you are here, to sooth my age,

My son—my long-lost son!

"A welcome to thy bride! though she

Has darker skin than ours,

I love her for her love to you—

Her fond, devoted care.

I can but thank my God for all

The wonders he has done!

Then in an ecstasy of tears

She clasped her long-lost son.

Paris, Nov. 30, '47.

S.

THESE STORY TELLERS.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE ECCENTRIC LOVER.

OR,

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

BY EDMUND BENNETT.

It so chanced once upon a time, (to begin in

the good old-fashioned picaresque style,) that I

was travelling from the town of S—, where I

had been making a short stay, to the city of

Boston. As railroads were not so common then

as now, in that part of the country, my convey-

ance was a stage-coach and four. Among the

several passengers occupying the coach, there

was one rather singular looking gentleman seat-

ed exactly in front of me, whom, as he is to fig-

ure somewhat largely in this sketch, I shall at

once take the liberty of describing.

To begin with his age, I should judge he had

seen some thirty-five winters. His form was

slender, rather tall, apparently supple, and free

from anything like awkwardness. His eyes

were black—coal black—as like his hair; the

and green, which gave rather an unique appear-

ance. But enough of this description.

As the stage rolled on over a smooth, dusty

road, and as my fellow passengers seemed more

inclined for sleep than colloquy, I determined,

in order to break the dull monotony, and per-

haps satisfy a curiosity, if possible, to draw the

stranger into conversation. Accordingly, I ad-

ressed to him some common-place remarks,

which he only answered by a monosyllable, or

slight movement of the head. Finding my ef-

forts to engage him in conversation useless, as

he appeared abstracted and buried in profound

thought, I gave up in despair, and sinking back

on my seat, let my mind ramble far away into

other days and other scenes.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we passed

through the small, quiet village of N—, and

as the coach paused a few minutes for change of

mail, the stranger suddenly roused himself from

the apathy thus far maintained on the journey,

and, with considerable earnestness, directed my

attention to an elegant building surrounded by

trees, vines and flowers of exquisite beauty.

"Do you note that building," he said, "as also

the small white cottage that stands off to the

right, and another of a similar character stand-

ing a little farther to the left?—for I have a

story, somewhat romantic, to tell you, connected

with all of them, as also with their former in-

mates."

My curiosity was now fully roused to know

what he was about to reveal. As the stage

moved on again, the stranger turned to me, and

after a moment's pause, as of hesitation—how to

begin, proceeded with his story. Although I

cannot relate it exactly in his own words, I shall

endeavor to preserve the spirit of it as much as

possible; and yet, I shall entirely fail in giving

that earnest tone, that beautiful accent, and

force of point, if I may so express it, by which

he made every part tell with wonderful effect.

"Several years since," he began, "on a fine

pleasant morning, in the month of December, a

young man, some twenty-five years of age, was

seen entering the town of N—, with a small

bundle under his arm, and a pack on his back—

the former containing his extra clothing, the lat-

ter a complete set of shoemaker's tools. As

workmen of his trade were somewhat scarce in

N—, and as a large order for a certain kind

of shoe had just been received by the principal

manufacturer there, he very readily found em-

ployment. He was evidently a man of consid-

erable education and some talent; and from his

easy manners, and rather brilliant powers of con-

versation, whenever he chose to exert them, it

soon became evident to close observers, that he

had been much in society far above that usually

accorded to one of his station; in other words,

as some expressed it, that he had seen better

days. Many were the inquiries, among the

most curious, as to who he was and whence he

came; and delicate hints were thrown out in his

presence, to the effect that it would be very

agreeable for the persons present to know some-

thing of his early history; but whether he un-

derstood them or not, he never made an allusion

to the past; and that his name was simply

Charles Martin, comprised the only information

they could glean. Curiosity is a busy jade, that

never leaves anything undone which may be

converted into food for the greedy appetite; and

in the present instance she labored hard and

long to satisfy it, but without success. Scandal,

that own daughter of curiosity, often comes for-

ward to assist the mother dame; and in the case

I am now detailing, she did not fail to perform

her accustomed part; but neither had the effect

to move Charles Martin to acknowledge or con-

tradict the various reports, favorable or other-

ness, patience and meekness could be traced in

every varying lineament. Her eyes were a

mild hazel, her hair raven and glossy, and her

form that of a Hebe.

The former of the two was the gayest in com-

pany, and the most brilliant in conversation; but

her language was evidently studied, and the

producer of the brain, while the sweet, fluidly-

uttered sentences of the other bore in every

syllable the unmistakable assurance of coming

direct from the heart. The one spoke to make

an impression—the other felt what she uttered,

and spoke without design. The one was formed

for a cold-hearted coquette—the other for a

warm-hearted woman, that could love on until

death. Such were the rival beauties of the vil-

lage of N—, at the time of which I speak, and

they bore the names—the former of Ellen Bor-

don, the latter, Mary Danvers.

Within three months after his arrival, Charles

Martin began to mingle in society; and not

withstanding scandal had started some reports

not favorable to his earlier years, yet his upright

behavior had tended much to silence her lying

tongue, and almost contrary to his expectations,

he found, wherever he went, a cordial recep-

tion. Parties were occasionally given, to which

he was almost always a guest, and ever, appar-

ently, a favorite one; in fact, if it so chanced

he was not present, immediate inquiry was made

as to the wherefore, and many a gay lass was

seen to look gloomy on the occasion. At one of

these parties he met and received an introduc-

tion to the rival beauties—for so the two I have

named were termed in the village.

Of an ardent temperament, Charles Martin

had a tender regard for the opposite sex—par-

ticularly those bearing the fragile stamp of beau-

ty—and, as a consequence of this, both Ellen

and Mary made a deep impression on his heart,

nor was it possible for him, on a first interview,

to decide which of the two had the ascendancy.

As a stranger in a small village is generally a

favorite with the ladies, particularly if there is

an air of mystery and romance connected with

him, so it was with the young mechanic; and

he found wherever he turned among the oppo-

site sex, bright eyes to grow brighter on his ap-

proach, and sweet voices to grow more sweet as

they gave him a cheerful welcome. But of all

he saw, two only fixed his attention—Ellen Bor-

don and Mary Danvers; and, soon after, he

commenced paying his visits to each—with what

design he scarcely knew himself, save to decide

which of the two he preferred—but which was

not to be so easily decided; for the dignified

look and elegant conversation of Ellen were al-

ways counteracted by the sweet grace, modesty

and warm feelings of Mary. Both interested

him, but in a manner so opposite that neither

seemed perfect without the qualifications of the

other; and yet he felt if either were away, the

other would content him. But all quandaries

must have a termination, and at last his decision

was made—how properly, will be seen anon.

Martin was a great admirer of talent, and El-

len, who perceived this, and who was determined

on making a conquest over her rival, (for the

true state of the case was already whispered

about the village, that the young mechanic was

striving to decide between the two,) threw out

all his powers, and became more attractive than

ever; while Mary, who began to feel an ardent

attachment for young Martin, became more

timid and more reserved, which, in his inexpe-

rienced eyes, left the balance in favor of the

former, and his decision was made accordingly.

To Ellen his visits now became regular, while

on Mary he seldom called; and in the course of

the ensuing spring he made an offer of his hand

to Ellen, who was accepted, and the wedding was

settled to be on the coming fourth of July.

About this period the village of N— was

thrown into a state of excitement by the appear-

ance of two individuals, who made a purchase

of a spot of ground in the heart of the place, at

what the villagers considered an enormous

price, for the purpose, as they stated, of erecting

a mansion to be the summer residence of a

young millionaire from Boston—one Ernest

Sunderland Alvord. That a millionaire should

select the town of N— for his summer re-

sidence, was an honor the good inhabitants had

never, even in their palmiest days, dreamed of

being conferred upon them; and of course there

was no end to the talk, wonderment and specu-

lation to which such an important event gave

rise. Some few surmises were found, who ascribed

the story was a fabulous one, and got up for

a innuendo; but even they were soon found to

join in the general voice, when they saw a large

array of mechanics on the ground, and the

talked of building in actual progress. It was

completed in what appeared to them an incred-

ible short space of time; and by the way, the

beautiful residence to which I alluded was

attention. Now, sir, comes the romance.

As yet, no one had seen the owner, and it was

given out that he would make his appearance

and take possession the fourth of July—the day

appointed for the marriage of Ellen Bordon and

Charles Martin. A report also became current

that Ernest Sunderland Alvord was a young

handsome, unmarried man, and this, of course,

added much to the desire to increase the curiosity

to see this paragon—particularly with that class of

females who considered themselves, or were

considered, eligible to the, to them, untrodden

of matrimony. Even Ellen, as she proudly sur-

veyed her fine form and face in a mirror, some-

times felt a pang of regret that she had thus

thrown herself away, as it were, by engaging

herself to a poor, humble mechanic; and some-

times a strong temptation would come over her

to break this pledge, and once more be free to

try her powers of fascination upon this young

handsome millionaire.

"Doubtless his heart is free," she would re-

son to herself, "and why may not I succeed in

captivating him? I am handsome in person,



From the Boston Post.

The reports of the generals to the commander-in-chief are so voluminous that we have no room for them. They are generally most creditable to their gallant authors. They are from Generals Pillow, Worth, Quitman, Twiggs, Smith, and Shields, and relate more in detail the operations of their several commands. We can only go over them and extract a few descriptions from each of the most interesting portions.

"The voliguer regiment, which was ordered forward in advance as skirmishers to clear the entrenchments and large trees of the large force of the enemy, who were directing a most galling fire into the command—the right wing under the command of Major-General William A. Leitch, Colonel Johnstone, and the left under the command of Colonel Andrews himself, assisted by his gallant Major Caldwell—having united, cleared the woods and pursued the enemy so hotly, that he was unable to *ignite* his mines, drove him inside the parapet and then, after a short but desperate fight around the ditch of the fortification—all in the face of a most heavy fire from the enemy's small arms and heavy guns. The ladders arrived and several efforts were made by both officers

"The gallant Colonel Ransom, of the 9th infantry, fell dead from a shot in the forehead while at the head of his command, waving his sword, and leading his splendid regiment up the heights to the summit of Chapultepec. I have myself been a witness to his heroic conduct until a moment before, when I was cut down by his side. My heart bleeds with anguish at the loss of so gallant an officer. The command of his regiment devolved upon Major Seymour who flattered not, but with his command sealed the parapet, entered the citadel sword in hand, and himself struck the Mexican flag from the walls."

"As the enemy's system of defense was connected with the hill and castle of Chapultepec and as my operations were limited to a specific object, it became necessary to isolate the work to be accomplished from the castle of Chapultepec and its immediate defenses. To effect this the following dispositions were made: The 1st and 2d regiments of the 1st division, Colonel Garland's company of mountain artillery, the right, strengthened by two pieces of General Drum's battery, to look to El Molino del Rey as well as any support of this position from Chapultepec; and also within sustaining distance of the assaulting party and the battering guns, which were to be used to assault the hill. The 3d division, five or six hundred yards from El Molino del Rey, to batter and loosen this position from the

he property of Capt. L. Colonel Duncan was

[illegible]

obscure and very severe contest, drove him from his apparently impregnable position, immediately under the guns of the castle of Chapultepec. During the action, and the latter part of the day, the enemy's position was so changed, that the right column of the army, and the captured guns of the enemy were now opened on his retreating forces, of which they continued to fire until beyond their reach. While this work was in progress of accomplishment, the right column of the army troops on the left were not idle. Duncun's battery, very much exposed on the right of the enemy's line, and in the center of the front of the army, continued to this time engaged; and the 2d brigade, under Colonel McIntosh, was now ordered to assault the extreme right of the enemy's line, and to keep it so engaged, until it was possible to move Duncun's battery—the fire of which, for the moment, was discontinued; and the brigade moved steadily on to the assault of Casa Mata, which consisted of an ordinary field entrenchment, a small square fortification, and a small square fortification, surrounded with bastioned entrenchment, and impassable ditches—an old Spanish work, recently repaired and enlarged.

Andrews' cadets, of Culwicks' 1st brigade, moved promptly to the extreme left of our line to check the threatened assault on this point. The enemy's cavalry came rapidly within range, when the whole battery opened fire, and the enemy's ranks were broken and more effective fire, which soon broke the squadrons, and drove them back in disorder. During this fire upon the enemy's cavalry, Major Sumner's command moved to the front, and changed direction in oblique order, under a most appalling fire from the Ca-a-Mata. This movement enabled his command to cross the river immediately on the left of Demare's battery, where it remained doing noble service, and

no del Rey, were destroyed. After which, no command, under the reiterated orders of the general-in-chief, returned to quarters at Tacaya, with three of the enemy's four guns, the fourth having been spiked, was rendered unserviceable, as also a large quantity of small arms with gun and musket ammunition, and a large number of prisoners, including 40 commissary-officers.

General Quitman's report is also a capital one—direct, clear and interesting throughout. We select a portion where this officer describes the capture of the Garita, or Gate of Iloilo, on the road from Chapultepec to Mexico, which led the troops into the city at that point:

as three bayonets under each arm. They were

Lieutenant Benjamin having brought up a 16-pounder, Captain Drum and his efficient subalterns were pouring a constant and destructive fire into the garrilla. As the entangling fire of the enemy from the Piedra road became very annoying to the advance of the column, a few rounds of canister were thrown by our artillery in that direction, which effectually disposed of them. The whole column was now under a galling fire, but it continued to move forward steadily and firmly. The files, well sustained by the South Carolinians, gallantly pushed on to the attack, and at twenty minutes past one the garrilla was carried, and the city of Mexico entered at that point. In a few moments nearly the whole command was compactly upon a hill

"Having secured the prisoners and captured property at Contreras, [entrenched camp], the 1st artillery, with other troops, was left as guard, and to provide for the wounded and bury the dead. Pursuing a small retreating force through the villages of San Angel and San Catarina, giving them occasionally a running battle we arrived at the front of Chihuahua where we were met by a strong force of the rebellion, with seven pieces of cannon and several thousand Lancers, a large body of men guarding the approach to the right of the river which was impossible to leave to a halt by us. The general-in-chief, for the purpose of having a reconnaissance made, Lieutenant Stevens, the engineer, was sent forward to look at the

enemy's position, supported by the company of sappers and miners. He reported a good prospect for Taylor's battery towards the left of the front work from which it was practicable to drive the men from the roofs and walls of the church since the enemy was, from their elevated position, unable to annoy my foot-troops destined to storm the works surrounding the church. The battery was accordingly ordered. It opened with great success, and in half an hour had destroyed the most effective fire of grape, round shot, shell and musketry, for an hour and a half, by which time, having accomplished the desired object, it was withdrawn. Much crippled officers, men and horses were killed. In the meantime, Smith's brigade was ordered in the same direction the battery took, immediately in front of the work, and Riley's

General Suñiz's report is one of the most interesting of the whole. His description gives a vivid idea of the physical obstacles overcome as our brave troops in their hard-fought battle. Having related his march from San Agustín to his arrival before the enemy's works at Contreras—the depletion of the troops—he thus describes the battle of Contreras:

"At precisely 3 o'clock in the morning of the 20th, the troops commenced their march. By the

The march that it was day-after-day, led by the company of Cavaliers' brigade, and out of the village of St. Albans, where the path descends to the river; and the march was by a flank, the command was stretched out to its length. Having followed up the river to a point where it made a bend, and passed the bridge, the march was by a flank, the command was stretched out to its length. Having followed up the river to a point where it made a bend, and passed the bridge, the march was by a flank, the command was stretched out to its length.

ere and, advancing in line, attack this force in fl

General Shields, whose deeds are above  
praise, writes, also, a noble report. At the co-  
mmencement of one, he speaks as follows of the  
bearing of General Scott, as he entered, at the  
head of the New York and South Carolina  
regiments, the battle-field of Contreras:

Leaving Caycean by a left-hand road, advancing about a mile upon it, I moved there with my command towards the right, through heavy cornfield, and gained an open but swampy field, in which is situated the hacienda de Parafales. On the edge of this field, beyond the enemy, I discovered the road by which they must retire from Churubusco, and found his reserve of about four thousand infantry ready occupied it, just in rear of the town.

As my command arrived, I established it right upon a point recommended by Capt. Le engineer officers, in whose skill and judgment

had the utmost confidence, and commenced movement to the left, to flank the enemy on his right flank. He swept between him and the city, but finding his progress hindered by a body of cavalry of some five hundred strong, seeing, too, that with his infantry he answered to my movements by a corresponding one towards his right flank, gaining ground faster than I could, owing to the heavy mud and swamps through which I had to operate, I withdrew my men to the cover of the hacienda, and determined to attack him from his front.

I selected the Palmarino regiment as the most numerous, and ordered it to make a direct forward flanking and rapidly under a fire as murderous as terrible, perhaps, as any which could be expected; the New York, 14th and 15th, followed gallantly on the right, and the 9th on

sen president, including six soldiers, 100 number, 42 had deserted from the American army during the war, and at their head is the notorious O'Reilly, who but a night ago our troops at Monterey had a bloody battle with him and a full report of the loss as well as the prisoners captured by the command, accompanies this report."

Mr. Clay's personal recollections will at first abundance of evidence to contradict or blank the assertion by this unscrupulous writer and put on record. It is a noble body spirit to see a public man in his old age laboring attempting to fairly, for party purposes, facts to the "fixation" of which he contributes the strength of his manhood.—Boston Post, Feb. 20, 1850.

**FLORIDA.**—The message of Governor May was delivered to the State legislature on Feb. 22d ult. The onsets of the war, and its effects

rank. portion of the considerations, thus insured, no

**OXFORD DEMOCRAT.**  
PARIS, DECEMBER 6, 1847.

DATE: DECEMBER 9, 1947

**First Congressional District.**  
The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of that portion of the First Congressional District composed of Towns and Plantations in Oxford County, are

Is there, can there be a subject of more importance to the common people, to those who constitute the foundation and main support of every community, than the subject of political economy—the real philosophy of Government? Yet how many of our numerous periodicals investigate this science thoroughly and understandingly? Is it their great object to enlighten the minds of the people so that they may

Should all aim at diffusion of correct principles and pursue a high-minded, honorable, independent course, the political community would no longer be divided and distracted by minor questions of local interest, and secondary implications; but the grand question which would be to decide, *What is for the best good of the whole nation, immediately and ultimately?* The re-nourished patriot does not make the town which he lives the sole field of his labors, but the interests thereof the grand object of his benevolence. He looks beyond himself and his kindred, down upon successive generations to be born of time. He looks upon the mighty

"delight to honor;" and it is of the very importance that their candidate should man well qualified, in all respects, for command on the great and good work which the present administration has commenced. Hence selecting a candidate for that important, and preponderantly responsible station, it should be the care of the American people, to take among the best and wisest, the one who shall be pre-eminent for his devotedness to such principles as have been laid down by the present

cratic party, to be able to unite in their effort to elect a President. We really desire that they may do so. We think they will. But the point should be impressed upon the minds of all our citizens, that we go *long principle*—for we mean to—*and from this it must be inferred that we have a good understanding upon the cardinal principles of our political faith, is indispensable to our success.* From all that has fallen under our eyes, we judge that the best of feeling prevails among the friends of sound principles in this State. We think that the democracy of this State will unite on the liberal doctrine of the rights of all men, and on the conservative doctrine of the rights of all property.

essential to a Statesman, in the adminis-

### TORIES' FAST.

We learn from the Gospel Banner, that Rev. Mr. Judd, of Augusta, on the day appointed, finding no cause for thankfulness, and no reason for praise, refused to celebrate it as a day of thanksgiving, and turned it into a day of fasting from thanksgiving and praise to the Father of us all for His manifold blessings, instead of the Proclamation, "read the whole book of Lamentations" and weep the day away.

from the Gospel B...

As another exhibition of clerical dignity, a certain clergyman of Knebunke reads the Governor's Proclamation instead of Governor Dana's; and as he wished to convert the giving day into a Fast, and spend it in enjoining the Mexicans and their allies in this country to persist in the war against our government, he acted very consistently—for the Proclamation

Rev. Dr. Dwight, of Portland, did not the Proclamation at all, but preached a good sermon; after which he made a short local speech, of the Webster and Clay s against the war and our government, a course justifying the Mexicans—so "in the winning it was a religious meeting—in the a *schiz caucuses*!"—so say the editor of the Democrat, who was present.

first better how much confidence to place in the professions of their spiritual leaders. How many clergymen have their rights, of which we speak next week.

**MR. CLAY'S MESSAGE TO THE WHIGS OF CONGRESS.**—Mr. Clay says, the primary cause of the war was the annexation of Texas; the immediate cause, the removal of the army from Corpus Christi to the east to the Rio Bravo—opposite Matamoros, in a war with the empire of Gen. Taylor. 35

can." So the first thing the wing members of Congress have to do is to ascertain the will of the war and let their leader know the day. And then they are to recommend the withdrawal of our army from Mexico, and the President refuses to obey and sacrifice the claims, the rights of the people and our honor, why then Congress must refuse to furnish supplies, starve the army out, take measures for the impeachment of the President. The country thus reduced to a state of graceful and wretched condition, it is expected that the people will become so lost to the sense of paternal honor and self-respect

which unilaterally repeat the error.

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# ISSUE MISSING

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